

heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what God hath in store for them that love him." The sun rises in the morning to bless the earth, showers come to refresh it. Nature waves back to heaven her thanksgiving in carpet of glory, bowery of blossom, bank perfume, and warble of bird. All nature smiles beneath the blessing of heaven in pathways strewn green, violet, purple, and garland of beauty. All this for man in whom soul is a richer treasure, a sublimer theme, in whose image a likeness of God.

On the ocean of time while the sunbeams have often played on the foamy crests of prosperity's wavelet, we to-day are reminded of fogs that becloud, and tempests and storms that toss and wring our broken hearts.

Happiness is the sunshine of life, sorrows are its clouds.

These things we cannot always understand, neither can we change them. But precious is the faith that penetrates the veil, and the hope that anchors on the other side. All that we may know of nature, addresses itself to the wants or pleasures of man. But life is more than meat, and man is greater than the house in which he dwells. Countless millions have crossed the ocean whose waters wash the shores of the finite on this side, and the infinite on the other.

Surrounded by etherial heights above, where sight is lost in distance and earth beneath which human genius cannot penetrate, the sphere of natural man presses hard upon these apparent limitations. Immortality in a tenement of clay; the tenement may perish, but the tenant lives on forever. We go day by day as others have gone before us. Where? the infinite echoes, where? Humanity asks, "shew us the way." The question is human, the answer is divine. "I am the way, the truth and the life." "We sorrow not as those who have no hope." We look at these remains. Our brother is not there. "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live."

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall have the light of life." We come not of ourselves. Shall not He who placed us here take us away? Will not a father rescue his child? Even so shall God rescue those who trust in him. Hope cannot despair. He is stronger than we.

We follow our brother to the borders of the finite. Mortals can go no farther. "But now is made manifest by the appearing of our Lord Jesus, who hath abolished death and brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

The life that once anointed those functions of the soul, was not born for a season and then ceased to be.

The voice of song that once thrilled our hearts has died in the receding distance between time and eternity. But its echoes linger in the chambers of our affections, and thrills our souls as "we are on the way."

We are all going, we have no abiding place here. Our fleshly tabernacles were not built for the permanent home of the immortal soul. Crumbling and changing is the natural trend of time. As the storm wears off the rock and reveals the gold, so when this mortal shall put on immortality, death shall be swallowed up in victory. "O, death, where is thy sting, O, grave, where is thy victory."

Pleasant has been this life among us. Sad has been his death. All through those long months of suffering, what agony, mortal tongue can never tell. O, blessed hope that lit up the fires of the soul, as our brother for the last time sang,

"Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine,
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine."

May that hope be ours also. And, with the Psalmist say, "As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

Church News.

ADDITIONAL.

MISSION WORK IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Visited the churches under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Mission Board. I left my home on the morning of June 24. Lodged with brother William Crofford of Johnstown, Pa., same night. Next day I went to McVeytown, Mifflin Co., Pa. Preached three sermons, then went to McAllisterville, Juniata Co., Pa. Preached five sermons, then returned to McVeytown. Preached two sermons and held a communion service by the assistance of our dear old brother P. H. Beaver of Montandon, North Cumberland Co., Pa. One of his sons, brother E. B. Beaver, of Shomokin, whom I baptized seven years ago, was also with us and enjoyed this holy service for the first time. The First Brethren church has purchased a church edifice, worth at least \$1500.00, for between eight and nine hundred dollars. Amidst a great deal of opposition the prospects are favorable for the building up of a good congregation, and also of a good Sabbath-school. Stopped at Warriors Mark. Preached one sermon, found all the members well physically, except our dear, old Sister Trostle, who was somewhat predisposed. Hope she

may have fully recovered. Spiritually, all seemed well, with a few exceptions. Friday, July 5, ended my mission work. Lodged with elder Daniel Croffords, in Johnstown, Pa., on the night of July 5. Morning of the 6, took train for Jones' Mills, Westmorland Co., Pa., to assist in communion services, and in the choosing and ordaining one to the office of bishop or elder. Preached on Saturday evening and Sabbath morning. In the evening the choice was held and by a unanimous vote (of all who took part in the choice,) the lot fell on brother John L. Bowman, who after being instructed as to his mission and work, was ordained by prayer and imposition of hands according to Acts 6:6. Our dear brother M. C. Meyers, of Mount Pleasant, Pa., who is the secretary of State Convention was present and assisted in ordination and love feast services. Elder W. A. Harmon has been the resident minister of this congregation for a number of years, and during the past year was pastor of the congregation. The work has been a success heretofore, and now inasmuch as there is another to help in the ministration of the word, may there be still a greater success in the good work of the Lord. Delivered illustrated map lectures on Monday and Tuesday evenings. On Wednesday morning started for my home. Found all well. Thanks to our good Father in heaven. Many thanks to all whose hospitality I shared, and who contributed to the mission work, and to the benefit of my wants and the wants of my family. May God bless all. Fraternally,

J. B. WAMPLER.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

As it has pleased our blessed Father in heaven to remove from our midst, July 22, 1895, our dearly beloved and esteemed brother Wm. H. Herrington, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we as Sunday-school and church, extend to this family in this their hour of deepest affliction, our heartfelt sympathies, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this be sent to the EVANGELIST and Gazette Office for publication, and a copy of each be sent to the bereaved family. Also, that they be entered upon our S. S. and church records.

ANNA RITTER, C. P. PUTERBAUGH,
Secretary. Supt.

C. ROWLAND, } Deacons.
E. E. DEBBEL, }

Z. T. LIVENGOD, Pastor
Lanark, Ill., July 27.

"THE only sins God can blot out are the ones we bring to him."